

# The Saturday Evening Post.

VOL. V.—No. 29.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 22, 1826.

WHOLE NO. 280.

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## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### ODE.

OH! LIFE!  
What art thou? but a tender flower  
That morning views in her, blooming fair,  
Which bending, wither with the evening羞,  
And wastes its loveliness "on desert air."

THE pleasure? fleeting like thyself—a light  
That beams more surely to hearts,  
 thy flowers, decked with flowers, fair and bright,  
But in each dead, hidden or pent lair,  
This shadow of existence to destroy;  
Oh! it is false to say that life has joy.

Smile, it is true, may beam,  
But art they of momentary gleam,  
That like the sun, is e'er too gay,  
Which shuns th' clouds on giddy days?

But joy! where is it? pleasure's bower,  
Though brilliant and adorned with flowers,  
Paves it not—I sought it there,  
The phantom, rapid, and boundless—despair,  
Ach me! my tear, e'er dries to flow,  
Of momentary death my woe;  
A bright eye of thy own burn'd it a weep,  
Or eyes, thine, of the death,  
And pluck'd it on my brow of care—  
A balm to ease the burning pain,  
That madness can not all! no, nor there  
A weep alterning the heart;  
And we're ret'd, I found deceit  
Dwelt even in pleasure's bright retreat.

Life! truly thou'rt "a fleeting show,"  
At times thy will calms blow;  
But 'neath its surface rocks are to re,  
O, which thy barge is often driven;  
And then to deep and dark despair,  
Man made to mourn for ever is given.

But there's a b'lt that breaks the gloom—  
When gather round my soul—'tis pure,  
Not mean like, that flitters round  
Phantasmal fairy ground,  
It comes serene, that will endure;  
It touches the ha-dress of the doom,  
Which fix'd that "man from womb in horn,"  
Was made in weakness to mourn.

An angel voice! whose melody,  
Gives to the heart serenity;  
An angel form, whose e'en kind eye,  
With pity beaming, no appears,  
At whose approach our wings fly,  
Whose voice the we-worn bosom cheers.

It is Religion! heavenly maid,  
Thy mild thy precepts they uphold  
Prestigious man, who dares repine  
At the decrees of GOD divine;  
The here the flower of life will die,  
And man on earth will find joy, never,  
To be less'd 'till bourn on high,  
And brightly flourish there forever.

SE. INC.

### STANZAS ON SUMMER.

Now, the eastern hills above,  
Aurora paints the skies;  
While music thrills through ev'ry grove,  
And night in terror flies;  
Lo! the sun in splendour now,  
Valleys wakes—

While the lakes,  
Gleamed from the muntain's brow,  
Flicker shadowy light upon each vessel's prow.  
O'er the blooming hills afar,  
Comes an angel bright,  
And swift she guides her golden car  
That glitters in the light;  
Smiles she on the vernal plain,  
From her hands,

O'er the land,  
Cheering treasures pour a-main,  
Sweet, luxurious fruit, and strength-renewing  
grain.

Whither, angel, is thy flight,  
What fair region owns thy birth?  
I am from the court of light,  
To bless the blooming earth:  
The sun-beam is my pleasure,  
Southern isles;

On my smile:  
There I hope my stores of treasure—  
And my riches, blessings with no price  
nor measure.

Spring, in dewy gems array'd,  
Is my sister fair,  
When she velvets o'er a glade  
Sons will be there,  
She before me tells my—  
She dispares—

Mounts and moves,  
With the tidings earth is gay;  
Thus the world down bespeaks th' approach  
of day.

Yet a lesson I must give,  
To the sanguine sons of men—  
All these charms shall cease to live,  
Autumn shall destroy the green:  
She shal tread where I have trod,  
Crush the flower,

Strip the bow'rs,  
Wither her mag'c rod,  
And strew my faded glories rustling o'er the  
sod.

Though the bloom of life be thine,  
Though the cup of joy run o'er,  
All charms shall fade as mine,  
My joy shall be no more:  
Live though hence be driv'n,  
Other skies

Wait my rise—  
Beck your joy in sins forgi'n,  
That when on earth you die, 'twill be to live  
in Heaven!"

MORTIMER.

Philadelphia, July 10, 1826.

### THE DE-EASED PATRIOTS.

[SELECTED.]

When brave men sink beneath the land they saved,  
An awful gloom is o'er a nation flung,  
A part of our own sunshine seems to go,  
And childhood tears tell tales at our warm eyes,  
Oh! brave old remnant of the antique time!  
Bright spark, from Liberty's volcano gone—  
A million happy sounds played round thy shade,  
And made thy death sublime and glorious.  
A million prayers, for comforts gained by thee,  
Hallowed thy spirit at its resting place.

And, surely, when the last sigh left thy heart,  
Angels of God, with golden harps, came down,  
And as a grateful nation blessed thy name,  
The host of heaven rang out with wild delight,  
The long and loud amen! Farewell, great soul!  
If Virtue's victory, if Freedom's friend,

Be worthy of the pale and pale of white—  
Thou art a strong eternal with the blessed—  
It to walk hand in hand with charity,  
Be lovely in the sight of the All wise,  
Thou hast insuring joys at his right hand,  
Adieu! thy countrymen mourn a heart-string

gone!  
Yet looking proudly on the days gone by,  
See feels thy acts have gained her future joys!

### SKETCHES OF LIFE.

#### SIX MONTHS IN THE WEST INDIES.

Reader, if your whims or your necessities should lead you to Madeira, go for my sake, to the manufactory of Santa Clara. It is at the western end of Funchal, and you may buy there the prettiest flowers for your sweet heart's hair, and the most ingenious toys in wax that are in the world. The suns sell them very cheap, and all they get from you goes in real charity to themselves or their pensioners. Perhaps also, you may see poor Maria, if she be not dead; if she comes, speak to her very kindly and give my love to her; but you do not know me, or poor Maria either.

Maria Clementina, the youngest child of Pedro Agostinho, was born in Madeira. Her parents had an unusually large family, and were labouring under some embarrassment from the unfavourable termination of an important law suit. What unfortunate event coincided with her birth, I know not, but Maria was disliked by her father and her mother from the first years of her infancy. Her brothers neglected her in obedience to their parents, and her sisters, who were very ugly, hated her for her beauty. Everyone else in Funchal and the neighborhood, loved her, and she had many offers of marriage at thirteen years of age, which the little maiden laughed at and forwarded to her eldest sisters. The more she was puffed abroad, the more was she persecuted at home. She was treated at length like Cinderella, with no fairy to help her. Amongst other arrangements for the purchase of commissions for two of his sons, and for giving portions to two of his daughters, Pedro Agostinho determined to sacrifice his best and sweetest child, Maria. At eighteen she was placed as a novice in this nunnery, at nineteen she took the veil and renounced the world forever. At this time she was the most beautiful maid in this island, and what is remarkable in a Portuguese of a fair complexion, with a brilliant colour, blue eyes, and very long and glossy brown hair.

A year after this, the Constitutional Government was established in Portugal, and one of the first and wisest acts of the Cortes was to order the doors of all religious houses to be thrown open. Santa Clara was visited by friends of strangers, some to see the church, so to see the garden, and some to see the nuns. Amongst others a Portuguese officer, at that time quartered in Funchal, saw and fell in love with Maria; he was a handsome youth, of a good family, and Maria returned his love with an earnestness which perhaps had as much desire of liberty as female passion in it. A man is emancipated from her parents, and the law declared the vow of celibacy null and void. The marriage was determined on, her hair permitted to grow again, her clothes prepared, and the wedding day fixed. Maria fell ill, and the physician enjoined perfect quiet for some time. The wedding was finally postponed to another day, and before that day arrived, his faithful Majesty had dissolved his parliament, and fearful lest Heaven should lose one more of his daughters, had revoked the law of the Cortes, and despatched an express to notify as much to his subjects in Madeira. Maria arose from her bed of sickness to return to her cell and her rosary, her lengthening ringlets were again mercilessly snipped; the mob cap, the leatheren corset, the serge gown were laid before her, and some old Egyptians, who could not better themselves elsewhere, bade her return thanks to God that she had so narrowly escaped mixing again in the vanities of the world.

On the 5th of January, a few hours before we sailed from Madeira, I walked with a handsome and very agreeable English woman to visit Santa Clara. I was very anxious to see Maria, whose story I knew. After a little hesitation on the part of two or three venerable ladies, who first pressed me, I reluctantly entered the great door of the house, Maria was sum moved. She came to us with a smiling countenance, and kissed my companion repeatedly. Her color was gone, but she was still beautifully fair, and the exquisite shape of her neck, and the nobleness of her forehead was visible under the disadvantage of a dress as ungraceful as was ever invented for the purpose of mortifying female vanity. She spoke her language with that pretty lisp, which I believe, the critics of Lisbon pronounce to be a vicious peculiarity of the natives of Madeira, but also with a correctness and an energy that indicated a powerful and ingenuous mind. I took half of a large bunch of violets which I had in my hand, and gave them to my friend to present to her. Flowers are a dialect of Portuguese origin which is soon learnt. She took them, curtsied very low, opened the folds of a muslin neck handkerchief, and dropped them loose on her snowy bosom.

The vesper bell sounded, the door was closed between the nun and the world, but she beckoned us to go into their church. We did so; it is one of the finest in the island, and very curiously lined with a sort of porcelain, attached to its western end is the chapel of the nuns, and a double iron grating to enable them to hear and participate in the service of the mass. Maria came with some flowers in her hand. She took four of them from the rest and gave them to me through the bars. "Sao immortelles," said she—they were some common everlasting.

"How old are you?" "Twenty-one."  
"And your name is—?" "Maria."

### THE DE-EASED PATRIOTS.

[SELECTED.]

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An awful gloom is o'er a nation flung,  
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And childhood tears tell tales at our warm eyes,  
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gone!

Yet looking proudly on the days gone by,  
See feels thy acts have gained her future joys!

"And Clementina as well?" "Yes, in by gone days."

I leaned as close as I could and spoke a few words in a low tone, which she did not seem to understand.

"She does not understand," said I.

"Yes, yes, I understand well; speak."

"Are you happy, lady?"

The abbess, who was engaged with my companion, turned her head, and Maria answered with an air of gaiety, "O yes, very happy."

I shook my head as in doubt. A minute elapsed, and the abbess was occupied again. Maria put her hands through the grating, took one of mine, and made me feel a thin gold ring on her little finger, and then pressing my hand closely, said in an accent which I still hear, "No, no, no; I have the heartache."

The service began; the old nuns croaked

like frogs, and the young ones paced up and down, round and about, in strange and fanciful figures, chanting as sweetly as caged canary birds.

I gazed at them for a long time, with feelings that cannot be told, and when it was time to go, I caught Maria's eye, and made her a slight but earnest bow. She dropped a curtsey which seemed a genuflection to her neighbor, raised a violet behind her service book to her mouth, held it, looked at it, and then turned it over, so as to show its internal ornamentation.

As the body cannot be healthy unless it be exercised, neither can the mind. Indolence nourishes grief. When the mind has nothing to think of but calamities, no wonder that it dwells there. Few people who pursue business with attention are hurt by grief. Instead, therefore, of abstracting ourselves from the world or business, when misfortunes happen, we ought to engage in it with more than usual attention, to discharge with double diligence the functions of our station, and to mix with friends of a cheerful and social temper.

Innocent amusements are not to be neglected. These, by leading the mind insensibly to the contemplation of agreeable objects, help to dispel the gloom which misfortunes cast over it. They make time seem less tedious, and have many other happy effects.

—Some persons, when overwhelmed with grief, betake themselves to drinking. This is making the cure worse than the disease. It seldom fails to end in the ruin of fortune, character and constitution.

FROM THE BOSTON TRAVELLER.

### THE MINSTREL'S RETURN.

OH! could weep, like him who wept  
Over Salem's stoned down;

When her stern son unconscious slept  
Uproses country's tough;

For 'tis the thistle springs unchecked  
Where beauty's steps were known;

And here bright temple to is weak;

Its walls with weeds overgrown!

I asked for her brighter days,

Whose early raps were mine;

On her cold grave the sun-ray plays;

And the full moon Venus' shade;

I sought for him whose heart and hand

Each friendly feeling knew;

His hours were bending on the strand,—  
The winds his robes overgrew!

I asked for him who loved to pour

The sacred song of praise;

With man his voice is heard no more;

Ever dashed his lays;

My step I turned to fortune's lane,

And craved an entrance there;

The rotty's vestment showed a stain;

Where heat a heart of care?

No more—Far better still to roam

Among a stranger-hand;

Than seek a solitary home;

Even man's native land;

The soul is sick—And flies the scene

Of dissolution drear;

Looks back to what it once hath been;

Now to dark ruin wed.

BOSTON BARD.

### WHISPER TO A WIFE.

In the matrimonial character, gentle lady, no longer let your fancy wander its scenes of pleasure or dissipation. Let home be now your empire, your world! Let home be now the sole scene of your wishes, your thoughts, your plans, your exertions. Let home be now the stage on which, in the varied character of wife, of mother, and of mistress, you strive to act and shine with splendor. In its quiet scenes, let your heart cast its anchor; let your feelings and pursuits all be centered. And beyond the spreading oaks that shadow and shelter your dwelling, gentle lady, let not your fancy wander. Leave to your husband to distract himself by his valor or talents. Do you seek for fame at home? and let the applause of your God, of your children, and your servants, weave for your brow a never-fading chaplet.

An ingenious writer says, "If a painter wished to draw the very finest object in the world, it would be the picture of a wife, with her fair face, with a smiling countenance, and a glancing eye; to promote interest and pleasure conversation among her little circle. But you will be her amiable efforts at cheerfulness

I am compelled to redeem their last time. But we will—oh, Jack!—for, if in common silence, we go a good trial, I think, in Olivia's case, we may manage to gallop."

Jack sanguine wading father, sets to the speedy and happy termination of the affair, that Mr. B. was immediately received at our house as an accepted lover. For many days their happiness seemed only to increase; but, at the expiration of three months, such little progress was effected in the divorce cause, and my father, to exultate himself, talked so much of delay in other quarters, of the absence of witnesses, and of the certainty of the law's uncertainty, that the lover's and guardian's fears and impatience knowing no bounds, they began to dread that the suit would be either lost, or interminable.

"I will not say, that my father's was the slow wagon offer; certainly, however, it has been previously shown, that we did not always gallop."

One evening, after dinner, while we were, as usual, endeavouring to urge him into rapidity, Osborne (the proprietor of the Hotel upon which we were) was introduced on business, when he informed my father, one of his inmates, a lady (who a few days previously had arrived from France in a weak state of health) found her strength so rapidly decaying, that she was most anxious to have her worldly affairs immediately settled by a legal adviser. As soon as he had made this communication, Osborne retired, urging my father to follow him immediately.

"Instantly, being a common sense, and not a common law term, my father paused, and said, "Probably she only speaks French—in that case, you had better go, Jack, as I am afraid I have forgotten all mine!" "I will," replied Jack, "after the next glass," and then the conversation recurring with resounding ardour to Olivia, and the divorce, the new client was suddenly forgotten.

Another visit from Osborne reminded them of their neglects, and he frankly avowed, that if my father could not instantly attend the lady, application must be made for other professional assistance. Jack then rose, and after one more glass, departed. In about half an hour he returned, much shocked and affected by the interview. He said, that when in health, the unfortunate stranger must have been a woman of considerable personal attraction, and though now evidently in a dying state, she dictated her last intentions with a feeling and firmness, that at once excited his pity and admiration. He brought with him a rough draught of the will, for my father's perusal and revision.

"Short and sweet, I vow," said my father. "She has left blanks, I see, for the name of the principal devise, and for that of the executors. These, I presume, she intends to fill up herself."

"She does," replied my brother, "and she wished also, that her own servants should be the witnesses to her signature, instead of me, or any of your clerks. And she added, that when the will shall be signed, to prevent accidents, she would send you a counterpart."

A will was completed on that evening, and immediately despatched by my father, to Osborne's. On the same night, he received the promised counterpart, with positive directions not to open it, until after the decease of the testatrix; and in an accompanying envelope, a ten pound bank note, as a remuneration for his trouble.

On inquiry, the following morning, the unfortunate lady was found to be considerably worse, and in the evening she expired. My father then opened the will, and in the presence of Olivia, her lover, and the whole family commenced reading it, but not aloud. Our curiosity having been already considerably excited by the mystery attached to the stranger, we simultaneously observed my father's countenance, which, to our surprise, suddenly displayed strong emotion and agitation. Before, however, we could ask the cause, raising his eye from the document, and fixing them on Olivia, he exclaimed, in a hurried faltering tone:

"Olivia! to whom do you suppose this ill-fated person bequeaths her whole property?"

He then read aloud as follows:

"Give devise—bequeath that freehold estate, called —, and all other property I now possess of, to my beloved husband, Edward B.—now residing in London, and whom I implore, as the last request of a widow, though attached wife, in follow to the grave of our once loved Eliza; and there to bury her, just recompence."

This terminated the interview. In a few days, the youthful widow attended the funeral, bare-bosom to the grave, and within the following half year, the happy Olivia to the altar.

In the course of two or three years they returned with Mr. Macey to Portugal, where they remained till his death. Mr. B.—attempts encountered some heavy losses in his speculations in the North of England, where fifteen years ago, I passed some time with them at the house of a joint friend—and even now, I have not lost sight of them, since only last summer, I heard they were residing in Italy, though old, healthy—though married, happily."

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

#### REQUEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE 24TH JULY, 1826.

In your sleep, the Sages sleep—  
How venerable are the dead,  
When from their gilded couch to sleep  
Upon the lonely patriarch's bed!

Conquer'd in repose, to the tomb  
They sink by nature's kind decay;

Earth takes their dust, till thou in bloom  
Art cast, when skin shall flye away.

We mourn the child of that proud hand  
That cast me in treason's trying hour;

To your set traps and save the land;

Our native land, from sixty's power;

Their mighty sons in former knew;

They blid not at the relict's name;

When falling heroes the need to view,

They gave themselves to deathless fame.

As Israel's constant went before

His hosts, sign and guide to them;

So these the sacred Charter bore,

A leading and a cheering gem;

And through the frequent death and fight,

That heroes left our fathers on,

Till our Columbia's woes night,

To glorious brak, the noonday sun.

Glories in life, to them 'twas given

In follow'd hour to pass away;

Blow home! mark'd by approaching hoars;

A fatal and triumphant day;

We mourn that will ever tell

To future time our Justice;

Patrons! still ring a mournful knell

Of grief—of gloominess too for ye!

Wake me by the ancient Sirens

Have me by the dead or glory's call,

To us be given their holy fires,

On us may their bright mantles fall;

Ye leading spirits! never high,

Inspire us, while now, we swear,

The lion yet, we'll guard, and die

As we forth-right do implore. E. V. X.

Observed in Philadelphia as a day of mourning for the illustrious Adams and Jefferson.

#### Saturday Evening Post.

PRICE 82 PER ANNUM.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED  
Barber, and Company, were directly opposite the Post  
Office, and back of No. 53 Market street, three doors  
below Second st. on the west.

Subscriptions will be received at the Office  
of the Saturday Evening Post, for Mr. TAP-  
PAN'S POEMS, proposals for the publication  
of which have been issued, and a number of  
names procured. We should be pleased to  
see this work have a rapid sale. Mr. T. is a  
deserving citizen, and as a poet holds a very  
respectable station among the Bards of our  
Country.

Life of Reynolds.—On our first page, we  
have made an extract from the highly amusing  
Life of Reynolds. This book, we understand,  
will be published in a few days by Messrs.  
Carey and Lea.

Gaston de Blondeville, the posthumous  
novel of Mrs. Radcliffe, has been put to press  
by Messrs. CAREY & LEA, and will appear in  
the course of next week. The London Literary  
Gazette in noticing this subject remarks—

"The posthumous works of Mrs. Radcliffe  
are altogether a valuable sequence to the  
National Literature. The Romance, if not so  
extensive in its story as the Udalphi, the  
Italian, or the Romance of the Forest, has  
obtained strength by its concentration, and, in  
its subject, is more solemn and touching than  
the others. Her poetry is decidedly superior  
to the occasional verses in her former romances,  
and her journal, as we have already said,  
contains a very happy union of truth, grandeur,  
and poetical detail. As long as any memory  
lives of the melancholy ruins of Kendalworth,  
of the legal state of Windsor, or of the jolly  
scenes of Warwick, Knole, Pudsey, and  
Blondeville, these elegant expositors of them  
will endure."

Three hundred and thirty-five thousand  
barrels of flour were brought to the Baltimore  
market during the six months ending  
on the first inst. Of this quantity, about  
seventy-eight thousand barrels came from  
Susquehanna county. The amount of WHIS-  
KEY inspected in the same market, during  
the same time, was upwards of two million  
of gallons.

The author of Redwood, has recently pub-  
lished a "Sale for youth, entitled "The De-  
fended Boy." The North American Review  
remarks, that this is a beautiful and affecting  
little story worthy of the author of Redwood.  
The incidents are striking, and they are stated  
to be true. They afford a view of those  
calamities to which the poor are exposed, es-  
pecially the wives and children of the intem-  
perate. Their sufferings ought to be pressed  
upon the attention, and as far as possible,  
brought down to the feelings of the rich and  
prosperous.

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tions not to open it, until after the decease of  
the testatrix; and in an accompanying envelope,  
a ten pound bank note, as a remuneration  
for his trouble.

On Wednesday about two o'clock, between  
Burlington and Bristol, at the steam-boat Phil-  
lipsburg was passing across the Delaware, a  
Sturgeon, five feet eight inches long, jumped  
onto the fore-deck through the starboard side  
window. The royal fish being caught, was  
cooked according to the most approved  
receipt and eat.

The store of Michael Rice, North West cor-  
ner of Fourth and Arch street, was entered  
on Monday night, by means of false keys, and  
a quantity of change taken from the drawer,  
including a counterfeited three dollar note on  
the Susquehanna Bank, and a one dollar note on  
the Burlington Bank of Kentucky. The same  
store was entered about a year ago, and rob-  
bed of a considerable sum of money.

On Monday afternoon, immediately after  
the heavy shower, a child, in attempting to  
cross the gutter in Vine below 6th street, was  
carried off its feet by the current, and was  
swung by its force within a very short distance  
from the opening into the common sewer in  
Sixth, east of Vine street, where it was pro-  
bably discovered by a gentleman, and snatched  
from a watery grave—one moment more,  
and it would have been launched into  
eternity.

We well may the editor of the Buffalo Journal  
head his article "Seasame Relief," that an-  
nounces a change in the names of the streets of  
that village, which have hitherto borne the  
following inexpressible apppellations—Stadt-  
satz, Vandalst, Schummelpennick, Busti  
and Wollenhoven. The village that furnished  
an abundance of such names might give ample  
employment to Mrs. Noah and Mrs. Chapman,  
in the different exercise of their valuable fac-  
ulty.

The Directors of the New York Water  
Works company, having failed in obtaining  
from the Legislature, the powers which they  
needed, have announced that they deem it  
inexpedient to prosecute the works any fur-  
ther at this time, and are about to return to  
the Stockholders the monies paid on the  
shares. The return, after allowing for ex-  
penses, will be 25 to 29 per cent.

CONVERSATION.

This is to certify, that I was for more than a year  
employed with a most notorious running officer  
of my corps, who not only impeded my health,  
but, in his wantonness, frequently impeded  
those of all previous officers, and to a stupendous  
affection on his behalf, whatever Under those circum-  
stances, and despatching my getting cured, was  
done in a short time, by a Dr. Franklin, a man  
of great merit, against his name, N. & C. of  
Carter and Second streets, which gave me consider-  
able relief, and by the time I had taken the second bottle  
the most evident disappearance of my health  
had entirely disappeared, since my health  
had been cast into a state of languor.

A post having now elapsed, and no appearance of  
the disease in me, I desire to do justice to him, for  
the benefit, and also as an act of justice to him, for  
the sake of his wife, who is now dead, but a  
good man to be affected.

HENRY M. POTTER, Kensington.

Murder was committed lately in Putnam  
county, Georgia, upon the body of Mr. Hayes.  
Mr. Hayes was acting in the capacity of over-  
seer, for John H. Walker, Esq. and going  
into the field, found one of the negro men  
much beat up the others with his work, and  
was about to chastise him, when the negro  
snatched the whip from his hand, and gave  
him sixteen stabs with his large knife, which  
he carried about him, notwithstanding the pur-  
pose. Nine of the stabs entered the hollow  
of his heart, and he died in half an hour. The  
negro concealed himself until night, when he came  
to the house, and upon being told that Hayes  
was dead, he immediately attempted to com-  
mit suicide, by cutting his throat with the

same knife, but was prevented from effect-  
ing his purpose, although his neck was sever-  
ely cut. He was executed two or three  
days after committing the horrid deed.

One of the laborers employed in filling up  
what is called the Mill Pond land in Boston,  
was proceeding with a scow loaded with mud  
from the bed of the river when, having  
sprung a leak, or being too heavily loaded,  
the boat began to sink. The man, as is sup-  
posed, in endeavouring to save himself, got so  
deep in the mire, that he was unable to extri-  
cate himself, and consequently went down,  
with the scow to the bottom.

A Salem (Mass.) paper lately mentioned an  
unusual mortality among the black martins  
and barn swallows in Gloucester. The last  
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the martins in East Bridgewater have nearly  
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The August number of the "CASKET, or Flowers of Literature, &c." which we expect to have ready to deliver to subscribers on Saturday next, will contain, besides the usual variety, a Biographical Sketch of the illustrious THOMAS JEFFERSON, accompanied by an Engraved Likeness, executed in a superior manner, by a first rate Artist, presenting in excellent keeping the venerable features of the Patriot and Sage. There are preparing at considerable expense, to be issued along with each number of the Casket, Portraits of distinguished Characters and many Scenes of note, both native and Foreign, which cannot possibly fail to add celebrity to this work. Among the former we may be permitted to mention the names of the late Presidents:

The immortal WASHINGTON,  
JOHN ADAMS,  
JAMES MADISON,  
JAMES MONROE,  
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,  
Gen. ANDREW JACKSON,  
DE WITT CLINTON,  
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,  
ROBERT FULTON,  
CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS,

CHARLES MATTHEWS, &c. Some of the Fancy Pieces will portray Scenery in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, accompanied by appropriate descriptions and remarks. The number of folios per month will not be confined to 32, but may often as it suits our convenience, be increased to forty, which will consequently make each volume extend considerably over FOUR HUNDRED pages. On returning home in 1789, he was made Secretary of State by Washington. In 1797, Mr. Jefferson was elected Vice President of the United States. As the presiding officer of the Senate, he added to the fame he had already acquired; and his manual of Parliamentary duties, composed at that period, is at this time the "code mecum" of Legislative officers. Mr. Jefferson was, at the second election from Washington's resignation, again a candidate for the office of President, as he had been in opposition to Mr. Adams four years previously. On this occasion, Mr. Jefferson obtained a majority of four votes, and was proclaimed the third President of the United States. Whatever may be the opinions of politicians as to the merit of Mr. Jefferson's administration generally, and many important measures of it have not been reconciled to the views of all, it is conceded, we believe, by the country generally, that the purchase of Louisiana and its being made to form an integral part of our country, was judicious and highly serviceable to the nation. Mr. Jefferson, in 1801, was a second time made president of the United States.

Two Dollars per annum—with a deduction of 25 per cent. to subscribers to the SATURDAY EVENING POST. Subscriptions received at No. 113 Chestnut street, opposite the Post Office, and at the Printing Office back of No. 53 Market street.

Ach street wharf has been fitted up in a very superior style. It will add greatly to the accommodation of our citizens, as the steam-boats PENNSYLVANIA, CONGRESS, and NORFOLK, are all to be located there. The Pennsylvania, will commence running from the new wharf on Monday morning, at six o'clock. She goes through to New York, in fine style, and in regular season, and has every requisite on board for the comfort and convenience of the passengers. This boat, we are pleased to learn, has been liberally supported by the public during the present summer.

This is a season when authors refrain from publication. We have therefore a dearth of literary intelligence—no observations to offer upon new books. The only literary work at present before the public, is the HIGHLANDS, a novel of which we made mention last week. The public has not decided upon its merits. We confess that unusual calls upon our time, have, for the last ten days, withdrawn us from the usual devotion to reading—and we are yet unable to give our opinion of the work. Mean time, we hear that it meets with a considerable sale. This is a sort of *prima facie* evidence of its merit, and one of the solid proofs of approbation that afford the best encouragement.

The solemn events of the 4th day of July, 1826, will be a source of admiration to future ages, as they have been of mournful astonishment to the present generation. We know not that tears are to be shed over the loss of Adams and Jefferson, either on their account, or for their country. The highest wish of their hearts had lived to see consummated: the nation had recorded their precepts and remembered their examples with those of Washington, and, except in the happinesses of others, they had lived to say, "the years have come and the days drawn high, in which we have no pleasure." Pursuing the course of feeling which appears to influence every class of citizens, we have sketched a few outlines of the character of Mr. Adams, giving his name in our notice, prior to the claim which years and the date of past services entitle him. The feelings of our community, are not, on this solemn occasion, so exasperated as to render untimely or remarks upon Mr. Jefferson, whose name is hallowed in the hearts of his countrymen, by his early devotion to the cause of his country, his display of vigorous talents, and his personal sacrifices for the establishment of our independence. Thomas Jefferson, the grandfather of the subject of these remarks, was a native of Virginia, who left to his son, Peter Jefferson, a valuable estate. Peter Jefferson is known as having been one of the Commissioners for defining the boundary between Virginia and North Carolina, in the year 1747.

THOMAS JEFFERSON was born in Chesterfield county, Virginia, on the 2d day of April, Old Style, answering to the 13th day of April, N. S. 1737. Mr. Jefferson was early distinguished for a love of learning and a correct taste—his course of readings was such as to give the happiest turn to his naturally vigorous conceptions, and he was an remarkable youth for the facility and excellence of his composition, as in riper years he rendered himself, by his sound judgment in the choice of objects of inquiry and zealous perseverance in their pursuits.

He followed his academical studies at the College of William and Mary; where having given his attention for a suitable time with that devotion to the cause of learning which his riper years have only strengthened, he attained the highest honors of his Alma Mater, and entered immediately on the study of the law, under the celebrated George Wythe, Chancellor of Virginia. The extensive patrimonial inheritance of Mr. Jefferson, rendered it unnecessary for him to pursue his professed studies again; we accordingly find him, at the twenty-fifth year, an active member of the Legislature of his own State; where his vivid conceptions, active habits, and facility of business recommended him to the observing as one fitted to the exigencies of the times. After preparing several papers of a public nature, Mr. Jefferson was translated from the hall of the Legislature of Virginia, to the memorable Colonial Congress in Phila-

delphia: here those qualifications and talents for business, that distinguished him in earlier scenes, commanded his the special notice of his elders, and he was called upon to aid in the production of numerous papers to which rapidity and neatness of composition were necessary.

To these circumstances, in connexion with his known patriotism and ardent devotion to the cause of independence, was he indebted for his appointment to the committee for drafting a Declaration of Independence, and subsequently for being detailed as one of the two which constituted the sub-committee from that body—Mr. Jefferson, himself, drew up that paper, which declared us a *people*, a nation, and only verbal corrections, it is understood, were made by his senior colleague, Mr. Adams. Of the value of that declaration to us, and of its effect upon almost every Christian nation under Heaven, it is foreign from our present purpose to speak, those belong to the historian.

During a part of the years 1777, 8, and 9, Mr. Jefferson was employed, in conjunction with Wythe and Pendleton, in a revision of the laws of Virginia, and reducing to order, the confusion which had arisen between the enactments of the State Legislature, and the voluminous codes and decisions of the parent government.

In 1779, Mr. Jefferson succeeded Patrick Henry as Governor of his native State. His discharge of the duties of that office was acceptable to the people. In 1781, he appeared as the author of "The Notes on Virginia," a work of much celebrity. He was a member of Congress in 1782, at which time Virginia was preparing her constitution, of which he furnished the preamble, the constitution itself having been produced by George Mason. Mr. Jefferson was in 1784, connected with Doctor Franklin and Mr. Adams in an important mission to Europe to conclude treaties of Peace and Commerce, between this country and the different powers of the continent.

On returning home in 1789, he was made Secretary of State by Washington. In 1797, Mr. Jefferson was elected Vice President of the United States. As the presiding officer of the Senate, he added to the fame he had already acquired; and his manual of Parliamentary duties, composed at that period, is at this time the "code mecum" of Legislative officers. Mr. Jefferson was, at the second election from Washington's resignation, again a candidate for the office of President, as he had been in opposition to Mr. Adams four years previously. On this occasion, Mr. Jefferson obtained a majority of four votes, and was proclaimed the third President of the United States. Whatever may be the opinions of politicians as to the merit of Mr. Jefferson's administration generally, and many important measures of it have not been reconciled to the views of all, it is conceded, we believe, by the country generally, that the purchase of Louisiana and its being made to form an integral part of our country, was judicious and highly serviceable to the nation. Mr. Jefferson, in 1801, was a second time made president of the United States.

The commissioners of the Northern Liberties have contracted with an individual to furnish all the materials and complete a culvert, thirteen feet diameter along Pegg's Run, from Sixth to Fifth street, for five thousand two hundred dollars.

The commissioners of Spring Garden have made contracts for the supply of materials and for the workmanship of a culvert, along Pegg's Run, to the eastern boundary of the district. The laborers have commenced at Sixth street.

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The Philadelphia Saving Fund Society has removed their Office from No. 2 Decatur-street, to the South-East corner of Walnut and Third-street.

The British Minister, Mr. Vaughan, has gone on a tour to the falls of Niagara.

Joseph Bonaparte and suite, and Prince Murat, have gone to Saratoga, to spend a week or two.

It is said that so great is the scarcity of seamens in New York, that even the government cannot obtain seamens for their ships.

An Indian Editor apologizes for the suspension of his paper one week, as there was a marriage in his family.

In the town of Buffalo there are upwards of three hundred house carpenters and joiners, not a single one of whom has full employ.

Henry Clay and Lady arrived at Lexington, Ky. on the 6th inst. It is announced that a public dinner will shortly be given to him at that place.

Three valuable animals of the short horn Durham breed, are in the Algonquin. They are the property of Mr. John Hale Powell; whose efforts to improve our domestic cattle cannot be too highly commended.—One of the bulls has cost Mr. Powell about \$600 dollars.

On Saturday two chartered companies stopped payment, at New-York—the Franklin Manufacturing Company, and the United States Lombard Association.

Orders have been received at New York from the Navy Department, to prepare the frigate Brandywine for sea, and sail for the Pacific with all possible despatch. She is to be commanded by the Rev. Jacob Jones, at present one of the Commissioners in the Navy Board.

A Camp Meeting for Trenton circuit, East Jersey district, will be held in Samuel Lovell's woods, near Crosswicks, to commence on Wednesday, the 26th of July, and conclude the Tuesday following.

Eight young men of New York, took a half deck sail boat on Sunday last and went a fishing. A squall came up before they returned, and when within several hundred yards of Castle Garden the boat upset. Happily none were drowned.

The February number of the Edinburgh Review contains a long and able article on the banking system of England. It points out many defects and suggests remedies, which are well worthy the attention of those interested in our banks, particularly bank directors.

The astonishing coincidence in the death of Mr. Adams and Mr. Jefferson, will naturally lead many to an examination of their relative greatness, and the amount of services which each may have performed for his country. Something like this we proposed to ourselves on arriving at this stage of the present article, but as we have already observed, a public opinion has not decided upon the measures of the two administrations of these great men, and it is not within our power to enter upon any discussion that would involve questions of national politics, and in an especial manner, those relative to the taking of Cape Breton, in 1747. We shall content ourselves with mere general observations.

In entering upon the theatre of life Mr. Adams had to labour to obtain substance, Mr. Jefferson inherited from his father a very large estate—while Mr. Adams' situation gave him a better opportunity of mingling with the active parts of society. Mr. Jefferson on his leisure afforded opportunity for increasing his literary attainments. Mr. Adams practised much at the bar. Mr. Jefferson applied closely to the studies of the cloister—hence, the latter had an actor's shyness in composing important papers, and the former was always ready to defend them by arguments. Mr. Adams was older by nearly eight years than Mr. Jefferson, his acquaintance therefore with men was superior to that of him who was associated with him in almost every important act of the infant states.

As candidates of different parties, Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Adams may be considered as opponents, at least as rivals—their views of particular parts of our national policy were relatively at variance, and Mr. Adams having been defeated by the success of his rival in 1790, it is not strange that the idea should have existed, that these zealous archivists in our country's creation, entertained towards each other personal hostility. Subsequent events have fortunately proved to the contrary; they have shown that the violence of partisans did not extend to the leaders; and while rash and misguided men were attempting to keep alive dissensions and strife by the power of

their names, they themselves were exchanging, at every opportunity, felicitations on each others' happiness, and mutually wishing peace and long life.

The difference in point of character, between Mr. Adams and Mr. Jefferson was undoubtedly great, yet not of that kind to render it impossible that both might be equally serviceable to their country in the discharge even of the same duties—and while we see them so frequently associated in producing events of signal importance, laboring with the same spirit of patriotism in the heat and burthen of their country's troubles, sharing its highest honors, contemplating and enjoying, at the same time, its noonday happiness, breathing simultaneously their *last* prayers for its greatness, rising in the light of one day's sun to an enjoyment of higher felicities, it is almost impossible to forbear exclaiming in the language of the admiring and mourning Israelite—"they were lovely and pleasant, in their lives (and in their deaths) they were not divided."

## EPITOME OF NEWS.

William P. Smith, Esq. has been appointed by the Trustees of the Episcopal Academy, Locust street, to take charge of the English department in that Institution, lately under the care of Mr. D. Magennis.

On Monday the workmen commenced taking up the pavements in Callowhill, above Crown street, for the purpose of erecting a Market. The laying of hydrant pipes for the Northern Liberties, has already been commenced.

A memorial signed by many respectable citizens, was on Friday laid before the Select Council, praying that a market house may be erected upon the public lot in Dock-street near the old drawbridge.

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Mr. Coale, of Baltimore, is about to publish a work on the United States, which is attributed to Mr. Poletta, late Russian Minister, and now one of the Senate in Russia.

In Alabama papers mention the great promise of almost every product of the fields; the season in that state has thus far been highly favorable to vegetation.

Mr. Jefferson was immediately made Recitor of the Virginia University, the child of his own efforts, and he lived long enough to see that all the good which he had promised to the state from the school, was in the full course of being realized.

We stop not to sum up the amount of benefits conferred by the author of the Declaration of Independence, upon the country at large, and particularly upon Virginia. To his labors was his native state indebted for the amelioration of her code of laws, which by allowing entails and primogeniture, admitted aristocracy—he labored ardently and successfully against the established religion. All this, with his manifold services, will be duly remembered and properly recorded by the historian of our country, and the date of past services entitle him at least to the rank of a national hero.

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